

T H E
Court Convert:

O R, A
Sincere Sorrow for S I N,
Faithfully T R A V E R S ' D ;

Expressing the Dignity of a
True Penitent.

Drawn in Little by O N E, whose
Manifold Misfortunes Abroad, have
render'd him Necessitated, to seek for
Shelter Here ;

By Dedicating
Himself and this small P O E M.

By *H. A. Gent.*

Printed for the Author.

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TO THE
H O N O U R E D
Joseph Boyeck Esq.^r

THE Author's Condition being at present on a Level, and the Basis of his former Fortune Overthrown, to get Clear of the Dilemma, and prevent his future Interment in the Ruins; Humbly takes leave to Dedicate this small Poem (the Off-spring of a Penny-less Muse) to Your kind Acceptance: Having nothing in this Iron Age, wherewith to support him, but a Feeble Quill. He knows it is not Practicable to Trade for Wealth in the Poets Territories, he might as well depend on the Wheel of Fortune for a Benefit, which only Turns to the advantage of her Favourites, than Fish for Pearl in the Muses Helicon, where are only Wrecks, and no Riches; he has only play'd

a little about the Brink; which, if not well done, is submitted to Correction: But, believing the spirit of Goodness and true Humility, resides in your Generous Breast, as Rich Gemm in a Noble Cascade, he is Encourag'd to Lay this the aforesaid Brat at your Hospitable gate; for they whose Estimate of Men, and things Proceed not from a Blind and Popular Applause; Lives almost near the Example of our SAVIOUR who, when on Earth Declin'd the Conversation of a Proud Tetrarch, for that of a Poor Lazer, and Valu'd more the Holy act of an Humble Fisher, then all the Great and Heroick Deeds of a Haughty Cæsar.

I am Your Honours

most Dutiful Servant

Henry Anderson

T H E

COURT CONVERT.

D Eluding *World*, which hath so long amus'd,
 And with false *Shapes* my dreaming Soul abus'd;
 Of tyrannick Court, where simple *Mortals* buy,
 With *Life* and *Fortune*, splendid *Slavery*;
 Henceforth *Adieu* ; my goodly Stock of *Years*,
 Paid out for that, I now lament with *Tears*.
 Monarchs, who with amazing *Splendor* glare,
 And *Favorites*, who their *Reflections* are;
 Both shine, 'tis true, but 'tis like *Glass*, they do ;
 Little as that, and made of *Ashes* too :

The Hour is set, wherein they must disown
 The *Royal Pomp*, the *Treasure*, and the *Throne* ;
 The dazzling Lustre of *Majestick State*
 Shall be extinguish'd by the *Hand of Fate* ;
 Highness must stoop into the hollow *Grave*,
 And keep *sad Court* in a cold dampish *Cave*.
 Beauty, and jovial *Youth*, decays space ;
 Age still, and *Sickness*, oft doth both deface.
 The *Favorite* whom all adore and fear,
 Whose Strength doth so unshakable appear,
 It's but a Tower built on sitting Sands,
 No longer than the *Tempest* sleepeth, stands :
 Nor can the *Calm* of *Fortune* long insure ;
 Or *Monarch's Favour*, *crazy Man* secure :
 We moulder of our selves, and soon or late,
 We must resign beloved Life to Fate.

From stately Palaces we must remove,
 The narrow Lodging of a *Grave* to prove :
 Leave the fair *Train*, and the light-guilded *Room*,
 To lie alone benighted in the *Tomb*.
 GOD only is Immortal ; *Man* not so :
 Life to be paid, upon demand, we owe.
 The rigid *Laws* of *Fate*, with none dispense,
 From the least Beggar, to the greatest Prince.
 The crooked *Syrbe*, that no *Distinction* knows,
Monarchs, and *Slaves*, indifferently mows.
 One Day we'd pity those we now admire,
 When after all the *Glory* they acquire ;
 When after all the famous *Conquests* they have made,
 Fierce *Death* their *Lawrels* in the *Dust* hath laid.
 Those Heads and Hands, which States and Princes steer,
 Who *Rule* in *Peace*, and *Conquer* in the *War*,

Shall, by a sad, and certain Change of *State*,
 Be doom'd a *Prize* to Death, and rigid Fate:
 Then be no more ; their very *Name* will die
 To *Fame*, unless preserv'd by *History*.
 'Tis *Heaven's* Great KING alone, whom Angels serve
 Whodoes our *Hearts*, our *Care*, our *Love*, deserve ;
 To HIM all's due, there's nought at our command,
 But must be paid at his *Divine* Demand :
 To HIM the *Christian* ought to make his Court,
 His *Love* the only Matter of Import :
 Not, but that *Honour* must to Kings be paid,
 Being by *Heav'n*, *Heav'n's* *Vicegerents* made ;
 To *such* we dedicate our Hearts and Hands,
 With due Submission to their *just* Commands ;
 And their *unjust* ones, tho we cannot do,
 We must the Mule, with Patience, undergo :

'Tis *Sacrilege* (in any Case) to pry
 Into the *God-like* Power of Majesty;
 And mere *Typheon* insolence to strive;
 Law to a *King*, with lawless Arms to give,
 That all good *Subjects* should adore the *Hand*,
 By which *Kings*, and the *Crowns* they wear, do stand;
 And while the *Earth's* great *Master* we revere,
 Pay Homage also to the *Thunderer*;
 To *GOD*, whom *Kings* obey; whose *Bounty* gave
 Their *Scepters*, *Crowns*, and all the *Goods* they have;
 To *GOD*, whose *Sun-beams* gilded *Royal State*,
 And *Glory* gives to each great *Monarch's* Fate;
 With whose unknown, but to *HIM* easy, *Skill*,
 Manages *Powers*, and *Princes* as *HE* will.

Now for to get in *favour* with this *Prince*,
 There needs no more, but simple *Innocence*:

No Honour at his Court is bought with Gold ;
 But for cheap *Love* are all *Preferments* sold :
 And in proportion to the *Love* you bring,
 You shall have Power from the KING of Kings ;
 With a good Stock of *Love* there one may climb,
 To a great *Fortune*, in a little time.
 Nor is it hard me-thinks to *love* a GOD,
 Who is himself so *Loving*, and so *Good*.
 In other Courts a Man doth lose himself,
 Oft for a little, and long drudg'd for Pelf ;
 In Business bearing an uncertain State,
 Made void (sometimes) by Envy, or by Hate,
 Rendring *Possession* of too short a Date.
 For as a *Drop*se makes the Body grow,
 (At the same time, that it brings *Nature* low)
 O're-whelm'd with Water, choak'd with Wind,
 So *Wealth* at once swells up, and starves the Mind ;

At GOD, the *Soul's* Capacity doth fill ;
 His Bounty over-flows Man's boundless Will :
 And since the Earth cannot our Nature bless,
 And the great World's too little for the less,
 His boundless Self he gives us, is so good
 As *Romans* hold) the *Sacramental* Food
 To regale us, with's *Body* and His *Blood*,
 With Heavenly *Manna*, Angels tasteful Meat,
 The same he gave His loving *Twelve* to Eat :
 Himself the *Treater*, and Himself the *Treat*.
 Come all that *Hunger* to the *Royal Feast* ;
 Come ev'ry one and wear the *Nuptial Vest* :
 Let the King's Splendor dash, or dazle none ;
 Or being Mean, discourage any one.
 Your *Host* is known to be as *Meek*, as *Great* ;
 And will alike the King and Beggar treat.

Spare

Spare not his Board, you cannot make him poor ;
 The more he gives, the greater is his Store :
 His *Bounty*, like his *Treasure's* unconfin'd,
 By giving, still to Give the more inclin'd.
 Come then, and crowd into his *Royal Court*,
 And to the Source of Goodness all resort.
 Love HIM, whose *Goodness* Words cannot express ;
 And whose *All-flowing* Bounty is not less ;
 Lift up your Reason then, and have a care,
 No foolish worldly *Baubles* enter there :
 With such Precaution you'll acquire his Grace,
 And purchase in his glorious Court a Place,
 Where you will bless the Day you first awoke,
 The happy *Time* in which your Slumber broke :
 Crowds of all Blessings will your *Hearts* invade,
 And your fresh blooming Joys will never fade.

No more the Storms of *Princes* you will fear,
 That cause so many *Wrecks*, and *Wretches* here,
 Where in a Moment all the *Cargo's* lost,
 Which your whole *Stock* of anxious Care has cost :
 One Day [with G O D] affords you more Content,
 Than twenty Lives, in *Courts* of *Princes* spent ;
 An angry Word, a Slight, a gloomy Frown,
 Will be enough to cast a *Courtier* down :
 If he would beg a *Favour* of his King,
 Let his *Request* be ne'er so mean a thing,
 A hundred Journeys he must undertake,
 His *Suit* to this and that great *Courtier* make :
 Thousands of *Legs*, and *Cringes* it will cost ;
 And after all, perhaps his *Labour's* lost.
 But with G O D's *Votaries* it is not so ;
 We cannot ask so fast, as He'll bestow ;

His *E A R* is still, to hear our *Suits*, inclin'd,
 And to each *Suitor* daily proveth kind.
 H E often hears, before we are aware,
 And our least Wants by H I M consider'd are;
 The smallest Hair falls not beside H I S Care.
 On H I M we cannot our *good Thoughts* displace,
 Unless we madly throw away H I S Grace.
 Only to *Him* our Hearts should yield the Sway,
 And not, by *false Obedience*, *Heaven* betray :
 For first *GOD* doth what he would have us do,
 Love with a Love, beyond *Example true* :
 His *Sharming Law* is *LOVE*, His Yoke is sweet,
 Both for the *King* and poorest Beggar meet :
 Easy and Light, alike to Great and Small,
 And the same Hire propos'd to them all.
 Of *Monarchs*, he to *Him* is Great alone,
 Who to himself becomes a *Little One*.

The only *Greatness* which poor Man can have,
 Is to be here his *Great Redeemer's* Slave :
 That King that doth not *Heav'n's* just King obey,
 A Traitor is himself to *Majesty*.
 The simple *Shepherd*, who with chaste Desire,
 The cheerful *Innocence* to *Heav'n* aspires :
 The honest painful *Labourer*, who sweats
 From Morn to Night, to get the Bread he eats ;
 If he serves *Heaven*, is indeed more Great
 Than Kings, with all their Pride and Purple State.
 Thrice brave those Monarchs, who had dar'd to fly
 From all th' alluring *Charms* of *Majesty* ;
 Lay down the Sword, their conqu'ring Troops forsake,
 Inarm'd alone the *Heaven* of *Heavens* t'attack,
 A *Holy War* with *Hosts* of Pleasures wage,
 And tho the *Flesh* did for the Foe ingage,
 Triumph'd o'er *Foreign* and *Domestick* Rage.

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The Epistle Dedicatory, &c.

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 And with *false Shapes* my dreaming *Soul* a-
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 With *Life* and *Fortune*, splendid *Slavery* ;
 Henceforth *Adieu* ; my goodly *Stock of Years*,
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 Both shine, 'tis true, but 'tis like *Glass* they do ;
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 The *Favorite* whom all adore and fear,
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 No longer than the *Tempest* sleepeth, stands :
 Nor can the *Calm* of *Fortune* long insure ;
 Or *Monarch's Favour*, *crazy Man* secure :
 We moulder of our selves, and soon or late,
 We must *resign* beloved Life to Fate.

From stately Palaces we must remove,
 The narrow Lodging of a *Grave* to prove :
 Leave the fair *Train*, and the light-guilded *Room*,
 To lie alone benighted in the *Tomb*.
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 Whodoes our *Hearts*, our *Care*, our *Love*, deserve ;
 To HIM all's due, there's nought at our command,
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To HIM the *Christian* ought to make his Court,
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 But all good *Subjects* should adore the *Hand*,
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 Pay Homage also to the *Thunderer* ;
 To GOD, whom *Kings* obey ; whose Bounty gave
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 To GOD, whose *Sun-beams* guilded Royal State,
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 With whose unknown, but to HIM easy, Skill,
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 With a good Stock of *Love* there one may climb,
 To a *great Fortune*, in a little time.
 Nor is it hard me-thinks to *love* a GOD,
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 Oft for a little, and long drudg'd for Pelf ;
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 Made void (sometimes) by Envy, or by Hate,
 Rendring *Possession* of too short a Date.
 For as a *Dropſie* makes the Body grow,
 (At the same time, that it brings *Nature* low)
 O're-whelm'd with Water, choak'd with Wind,
 So *Wealth* at once swells up, and starves the Mind ;

At GOD, the *Soul's* Capacity doth fill ;
 His Bounty over-flows Man's boundless Will :
 And since the Earth cannot our Nature bless,
 And the great World's too little for the less,
 His boundless *Self* he gives us, is so good
 As *Romans* hold) the *Sacramental* Food
 To regale us, with's *Body* and His *Blood*,
 With Heavenly *Manna*, Angels tasteful Meat,
 The same he gave His loving *Twelve* to Eat :
 Himself the *Treater*, and Himself the *Treat*.
 Come all that *Hunger* to the *Royal Feast* ;
 Come ev'ry one and wear the *Nuptial Vest* :
 Let the King's Splendor dash, or dazle none ;
 Or being Mean, discourage any one.
 Your *Host* is known to be as *Meek*, as *Great* ;
 And will alike the King and Beggar treat.

Spare not his Board, you cannot make him poor ;
 The more he gives, the greater is his *Store* :
 His *Bounty*, like his *Treasure's* unconfin'd,
 By giving, still to Give the more inclin'd.
 Come then, and crowd into his *Royal Court*,
 And to the Source of Goodness all resort.
 Love HIM, whose *Goodness* Words cannot express ;
 And whose *All-flowing* Bounty is not less ;
 Lift up your Reason then, and have a care,
 No foolish worldly *Baubles* enter there :
 With such Precaution you'll acquire his Grace,
 And purchase in his glorious Court a Place,
 Where you will bless the Day you first awoke,
 The happy *Time* in which your Slumber broke :
 Crowds of all Blessings will your *Hearts* invade,
 And your fresh blooming Joys will never fade.

No more the Storms of *Princes* you will fear,
 That cause so many *Wrecks*, and *Wretches* here,
 Where in a Moment all the *Cargo's* lost,
 Which your whole *Stock* of anxious Care has cost :
 One Day [with G O D] affords you more Content,
 Than twenty Lives, in *Courts* of *Princes* spent ;
 An angry Word, a Slight, a gloomy Frown,
 Will be enough to cast a *Courtier* down :
 If he would beg a *Favour* of his *King*,
 Let his *Request* be ne'er so mean a thing,
 A hundred Journeys he must undertake,
 His *Suit* to this and that great *Courtier* make :
 Thousands of *Legs*, and *Cringes* it will cost ;
 And after all, perhaps his *Labour's* lost.
 But with G O D's *Votaries* it is not so ;
 We cannot ask so fast, as He'll bestow ;

His EAR is still, to hear our *Suits*, inclin'd,
And to each *Suitor* daily proveth kind.

HE often hears, before we are aware,
And our least Wants by HIM consider'd are ;
The smallest Hair falls not beside HIS Care.

On HIM we cannot our *good Thoughts* displace,
Unless we madly throw away HIS *Grace*.

Only to *Him* our Hearts should yield the Sway,
And not, by *false Obedience*, *Heaven* betray :
For first GOD doth what he would have us do,
Love with a *Love*, beyond *Example true* :

His *Charming Law* is LOVE, His Yoke is sweet,
Both for the *King* and poorest Beggar meet :

Easy and Light, alike to Great and Small,
And the same Hire propos'd to them all.

Of *Monarchs*, he to *Him* is Great alone,
Who to himself becomes a *Little One*.

The only *Greatness* which poor Man can have,
 Is to be here his *Great Redeemer's* Slave :
 That *King* that doth not *Heav'n's* just *King* obey,
 A Traitor is himself to *Majesty*.
 The simple *Shepherd*, who with chaste Desire,
 The cheerful *Innocence* to *Heav'n* aspires :
 The honest painful *Labourer*, who sweats
 From Morn to Night, to get the Bread he eats ;
 If he serves *Heaven*, is indeed more Great
 Than Kings, with all their Pride and Purple State.
 Thrice brave those Monarchs, who had dar'd to fly
 From all th' alluring *Charms* of Majesty ;
 Lay down the Sword, their conqu'ring Troops forsake,
 Unarm'd alone the *Heaven* of *Heavens* t'attack,
 A *Holy War* with *Hosts* of Pleasures wage,
 And tho the *Flesh* did for the Foe ingage,
 Triumph'd o'er *Foreign* and *Domestick* Rage.

Thrice *blest* are those, who fled from being Great,
 From *Courts* to safer *Cottages* retreat :
Heaven kindly doth their humble Thoughts defeat ;
 For *Greatness*, while they strive to shun, they meet.
 They are made Great, and so more glorious Kings,
 By being just, than by all earthly Things.
 Ah ! how we *win*, in *losing* for our GOD,
 While *Heav'n* is gain'd for a poor sorry Clod
 Of *Earth* : When for a short *Grief* here endur'd,
 We are of *Everlasting Joys* assur'd :
 Since for one Pleasure we refuse our Sense,
 We shall have *Millions* for our Recompence.
 Poor abus'd Men, unlucky *Flock*, they stray
 Without the *Shepherd*, void of the right Way.
 Unthinking *Souls*, that perish with Delight,
 Which all the Threats of *Heav'n* cannot affright :

r sure those *Pains*, which do on *Sin* attend,
 ins which begin, but never must have end ;
 ; the immaterial *Fire* that burneth still,
 . t to their great Misfortune cannot kill ;
 s, the *Devil's Dungeon*, and all sorts of *Pain*,
 Which *Human Fortitude* cannot sustain,
 ight (one wou'd think) Mens brutish Courage shake,
 nd in our *Souls* a noble Fear awake :
 t if the *Racks* of *Hell* can't *Sin* subdue,
 ffer the *Lord* of *Hos'ts* to conquer you ;
 ppose *Him* not unwisely, but imbrace
 he favourable Offers of his Grace :
 store *Him* to the Kingdom of your *Hearts*,
 ost without *Mercy*, by the *Devil's Arts* :
 he old *Usurper's* lawless Power disown,
 epose the hellish *Tyrant* from the *Throne* ;
 And let King JESUS reign in it alone.

His Law is much more easy to observe,
 Than those o'th' World (which yet we gladly serve
 It neither hurts the *Body*, nor the *Mind*;
 But is indeed to one and t'other kind :
 A Check sometimes it may afford to *Sense* ;
 But is, at length, its own Benevolence.

O *Divine Law* ! O easy *Law* of *Love* !

Let ME observe thee, and thy Wages prove :
 But then i'th' World a hundred Laws there be,
 Void of all *Sense*, but full of *Tyranny* ;
 Where *foppish* Form, our Liberty restrains,
 And cripples us with false fantastick Chains.
 You must pretend to Love whom you Detest ;
 Fawn on the *Great One*, when by him oppress'd ;
 With sneering Praise guild o'er his blackest Crimes,
 And all those *Humours* which debauch the Times :

Ask your *Displeasure* with a smiling *Face*,
 And swear you're highly pleas'd with your *Disgrace* ;
 Triumph in shew, when you are overthrown,
 And all your *Discontents* and *Griefs* disown ;
 Putting off quite (with base uneasy Art)
 The honest Commerce of the *Mouth* and *Heart*.
 Shameful *Slavery* of poor Mankind,
 Unworthy of a Man, or Christian Mind !
 Instead of *CHRIST*, whom always we shou'd own,
 We *Tyranny* and *Passion* we enthrone ;
 Giving to those that from all *Vertue* run,
 To serve a thousand Masters in their turn.
 The crowded Way of *Vice* cou'd never show
 The Pleasure, which true *Vertue* doth bestow ;
 From *Innocence* a native Joy accrues,
 Wracking Sorrow always Guilt pursues.

The *Ill Man's* never *Quiet* nor *Content* ;
 The *Good* is full of *Cbear*, | ho *Penitent*.
 His inward *Calm* upon his *Brow* appears,
 And *Halcyon*-like, no blustering *Storm* he fears.
Him, all the *Turns* of *Fate's* prepar'd to find,
 Meets *Frowns* and *Favours* with an equal *Mind*.
 If *Sickness* warns him of approaching *Death*,
 Or *Fortune* robs him of his worldly *Wealth*,
 It cannot his unshaken *Courage* move,
 Who, above *Earth*, hath plac'd in *Heav'n* his *Love*
 His *Health*, his *Riches*, and his sole *Delight*,
 Is here to serve his *G O D* with all his *Might* ;
 And that great *Master* faithfully to trace,
 Whose *Death* was *Triumph*, *Pleasure* a *Disgrace* :
 He lov'd the *Cross* ; O *Cross* ! O happy *Wood* !
 That once was manur'd with our *Saviour's* *Blood*,

And moisten'd with his *Tears*, with *Tears* of *Grief*,
 Whilst *He* that shed them, dy'd for our *Relief*;
 Whose all-revenging *Death* [by th' *Cross*] did quell
 Th' usurped Force of *Sin*, and *Power* of *Hell*;
 The *Stygian* Monster's *Power*, and so set free
 Renowned *Heroes* from *Captivity*.

'Twas by this *Cross* that he to *Heav'n* did climb,
 And order'd all Mankind to follow *HIM*.

Cross! O *CHRIST*! O *Wounds*! O *Streams* of *Blood*!
 KING! to your ungrateful *Slaves* too Good!

My *Heart*'s *Delight*, my lingering *Soul*'s *Desire*,
 My *Love*, that burns me with a *Jambent* *Fire*.

My *JESUS*! Blessed *Body*, and his *Blood*,
 Brought down from *Heav'n* above to be *Man*'s *Food*:
 Your *LOVE*, I find, does to such height amount,
 My *Gratitude* is lost in the *Account*.

When *Punishment* was to my Actions due,
 Amazing *Favours* my *Misdeeds* ensue ;
 Instead of being by your Justice thrust,
 With sudden *Thunder*, into native Dust :
 While with my Works I earn'd the *Fire* of *Hell*,
 And Satan *triumph'd* o'er my wretched Will ;
 When I provok'd your *Justice* with the height
 Of base Ingratitude, and Earth's Delight,
 You did ev'n then, O depth of Goodness ! deign,
 My Heart of all innated *Vice* to drain ;
 Which first, in being Yours, was truly blest,
 Till I (vile Wretch) my MASTER dispossess :
 YOU were its Lord, its Monarch ; and what more ?
 Vouchsaf'd t' espouse a thing so mean and poor,
 To the expence of Your dear *Blood* and *Breath* ;
 Your purple *Sweat* and *Tortures*, worse than Death,

So dear it cost *TOU* ; yet I bore away,
 Tho you have (once more) made the Wretch your [Prey.
 Dear *Lord*, I wander'd in the *Paths* of *Vice*,
 And grop'd on blindfold to the *Precipice* :
 Instead of loving *TOU*, the only Good,
 I made each empty Vanity my God :
 But, O Excess of *Mercy* ! *TOU* repay,
 With *Grace* and *Gifts*, Your *Slave's* black Treachery,
 Whom the false *World*, and falser *Court* deceiv'd ;
 Whom *Sin* and *Satan* wretchedly enslav'd.
 What dismal Blindness did possess my Mind,
 For silly short-liv'd *Toys* to have resign'd
 A blest *Eternity* ; and you dear *Lord*,
 Who can a real heavenly *Good* afford !
 Eyes, on my Cheeks let trickling Tears run down,
 Your *guilty selves* in your own Waters drown.

False Guides, that led me to the *Hunter's* Snare ;
 When by my self, left wholly to your Care :
 Ah poor, ambitious, fond, deluded Sight,
 Thus on the sorry *Creature* to delight !
 Your *Fellow-Slave*, a Bit of *Earth*, a *Dream*,
 E'en a poor wretched *Nothing* to esteem.
 For what avails a *Mitre* or a *Crown*,
 Or all that here a Man can call his own ?
 Those whom our fawning *Flatterers* call Great,
 Whom baser *Mankind* prostrate at their Feet,
 In the Divine Eternal Glass appear
 As little as the meanest *Mortal* here.
 When th' Eye in Darkness sets, and Life's warm Fire
 With th' Ice of *Death*, in Sorrow doth expire ;
 What matters Gold, by some Men so ador'd ?
 What *Pleasure* will a starry *Crown* afford ?

This Garb ill fits a pale and lifeless *Head*,
 And that bright *Metal* shines not to the Dead ;
 Corruption then will not forbear its Prey,
 For fear of *dead* and helpless *Majesty* ;
 Nor will that *Lustre*, which amaz'd poor *Man*,
 Dazle the *Legions* of bold *Vermin* then :
 Alas ! There's no Distinction in the Grave,
 Between the greatest *King* and meanest *Slave* :
 All *Flesh* is there unto one *Change* design'd,
 And leaves all *worldly Goods* and *Fame* behind.
 But different *Fates* the righteous *Souls* attend,
 From theirs that here do make a wicked End.
 Those of the *Good*, to Heaven's Great *King* repair,
 The *unknown Pleasures* of his *Court* to share,
 In *Peace* and glorious *Triumph* to enjoy
 The *Fruit* of their laborious *Victory* :
 But those who lodg'd in Bodies, did defy,
 With unrepented *Crimes*, the *Deity*,

Condemn'd to *Chains*, and hopeless of Relief,

Die to all *Bliss*, but ever live to *Grief*.

It is a doleful Scene, to see base Man

Provoke his patient MAKER all he can ;

Shun Happiness, so easy to be won,

And take a world of Pains to be undone ;

Even employ his whole Life-long, to buy

A wretched Right to endless Misery.

Thus he, who studies to indulge his Earth,

And quite neglects the Meaning of his Birth,

Into the gaping Jaws of *Satan* runs,

And the inviting Arms of JESUS shuns :

Those *Arms* that stand still open to receive

All weary Prodigals that Sin do leave ;

Arms full of *Love* and *Pity*, which display,

Even to Foes and Traitors, *Sanctuary* :

or those he left his *Father's* bright Abode,
 Made *Son* of Man, to make Man *Son* of GOD.
 To cure their *Wounds*, He Life's *Elixir* bled,
 And dy'd a *Death*, to raise them from the Dead.

Dear JESUS, who with such a charming Art,
 Hath soft'n'd and reduc'd Man's sinful Heart;
 Did likewise, on the Day the Church renews
 The Annual Obsequies of her dead *Spouse*,
 From worldly Vice her *Votary* set free,
 And from the *Court* and *World* deliver'd me:
 O from my self, thus freed, didst after deign,
 To bind me with your *Love's* enlarging Chain:
 For such your Favours, shew me but the way,
 Good Lord, my due Acknowledgment must pay.
 O U had the Goodness, for my sake, to dye,
 Which I, for Y O U, will do most willingly:

And since my Life cannot suffice to pay
For the least *Breath* of that You gave away ;
I wish the Lives of all the World were mine,
That all, for *Your* dear sake, I might resign.
But a *rent Heart*, since You will not despise,
And a *bruise'd Reed*, to You in *Sacrifice*,
My *Prayers* I humbly offer ; and *adore*
The G O D that doth accept a *Gift* so poor.
I love You, Lord, as bed-rid Men love Health,
Close Prisoners Freedom, or starv'd Beggars Wealth
My Soul thirsts after Thee, pure Spring of Good,
As the *thirst'd Deer* after a cooling Flood.
Nor do I love You for your H E A V E N ; no,
For Your blest sake all Comfort I'll forego.
The sharpest *Pain* from thence will easy be,
And nought but H E L L can be a Grief to me.

